Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1914

It is, of course, not enough that a public official should be honest. No amount of honesty will avail if he is not also brave and wise.
—Theodore Roosevelt.

Prescott's Annual Celebration

We wish that everybody in Arizona might be in Prescott on July 3, 4, 5 and 6 at the annual Frontier Day celebration. It is to be, as it has been in the past, a prolonged Fourth of July celebration, and the Fourth is more elaborately, enjoyably and patriotically observed in Prescott than in any other place we know of. The delightful midsummer climate lends itself to the celebration of the natal day when in all the towns of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, except the mountain towns, the weather is apt to be unpleasantly warm and calculated to give an impression of the short-sightedness of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in choosing such a day as the natal day. Or, was that proceeding in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, a frame-up for future Prescott?

But there is something in Prescott more delightful and refreshing than its Fourth of July climate. It is the unbounded hospitality of its citizens on tap every day of the year. Nothing is too good for visitors. We know of no other town quite like it. The hotels do not make the gathering of visitors in great numbers an occasion for the amassing of wealth. The houses of private citizens are thrown open, even to strangers, and all who behave decently are made to feel that they are welcome and that Prescott is pleased with their presence.

Those who will go there from less favored localities next month, who stay a few days and breathe that cool, pine-laden air, will come away strengthened and refreshed and improved as to heart, lungs and soul.

It is proposed this year also to sugar-coat business with pleasure. In the course of the festivities, meetings of county supervisors, county road superintendents and surveyors, and good roads enthusiasts will be held for the purpose of getting together on the subject of good roads. That alone should attract an immense throng of automobilists to Prescott, and should give the good roads' movement a stimulus that would bring it to a successful issue.

Long-Staple Cotton

The news received by the Chandler cotton growers that they are going to receive $18 more a bale than they expected, must have the effect of stimulating interest in that section in the cultivation of long-staple cotton. Word also comes that an English syndicate which has large holdings in Egypt, where it has been engaged in raising long-staple cotton for several years, has leased 5000 acres in the Imperial valley for the growth of this kind of cotton. It is to this part of the world that the markets are turning for high-grade cotton. In the other comparatively few known localities where cotton of this kind could be produced, the quality has so deteriorated within the last few years that spinners have become alarmed.

That it can be produced here and in the other valleys of the southwest has been demonstrated, and is now well understood in the English markets, so that the demand for any supply that may be offered may be expected to become sharper and prices better. Of one thing the growers of long-staple cotton may be assured and that is that the supply can never be greater than the demand; that there will be no alternating lean years; all of them will be fat; that there can be no failure of the crop except by pests, and that there is no other region in the world so inaccessible to pests as the Salt River Valley.

All possible encouragement of the long-staple cotton industry has been extended by the government. It is being extended still and, no doubt, for years to come the watchful eye of the department of agriculture will be on the American grower of long-staple cotton and its helping hand will be offered to him.

It would be strange if our valley farmers should turn away from the alluring prospect, or should reject the assistance which the government has offered them along the road to certain prosperity.

The Citizen's New Home

In a mammoth edition of the Tucson Citizen last Saturday night a picture and description are presented of the new home the Citizen will occupy next fall, in the heart of a growing business district.

The Citizen for some years has thriven in cramped quarters, in a narrow thoroughfare which is called a street in Tucson, but would come under the head of "Alleys" in Phoenix. But it doesn't make so much difference where a paper is printed. It depends more upon the manner than the place of getting it out. However, so good and live a newspaper as the Citizen is deserving of a handsome and commodious home, and we are glad that the Citizen is to have this one.

After this expression of our good will, we feel that the Citizen will bear with us when we direct attention to a disfigurement which we have observed in the picture of the new building. We speak of it now, before it is too late, in order that it may be omitted from the revised plans of the architect. There appears on the sidewalk or "approach" to what we believe is the Stone avenue front of the building a woman being towed along by a diminutive dog. That is never a beautiful and inspiring spectacle and cannot add grandeur to the Citizen's building.

The architect in introducing it evidently sacrificed good taste to novelty, and we admit that the detail is novel. We have seen it both in real life and in pictures, but never before in the way of intended ornament. With such a change in the appearance of the Stone avenue elevation as we have suggested, the new Citizen building has our entire approval.

A facetious correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing ostensibly in all seriousness, has detailed a case of cruelty, which he ascribes to the heartless scientific vivisectionists, and to which he calls the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He draws a pitiful picture of the destruction of the entire brood of a pair of previously happy mosquitoes, which became the victims of a scientific attempt to annihilate, in so far as possible, those insects in the alleged interest of human health. It seems that the experimenters had covered a pool of stagnant water with crude petroleum, and as the result of the application of this noxious fluid the entire brood of the family observed by the correspondent was suffocated. He fears, also, that other families of mosquitoes met with a similar horrible fate. The identity of the destroyers has not been revealed, but it doubtless can be ascertained.

The prayer of the penitent thief was shorter than Mr. Mellen's purchased petition in furtherance of his New Haven schemes, and it did not cost so much money.

A Kansas City man has sworn off voting because he has never picked a winning candidate but once. The enthusiastic followers of Bryan are made of more heroic stuff.

THE WAYSIDE INN STILL STANDS

Many people who never have visited this pretty little town of Sudbury, Mass., are nevertheless familiar with its name through their acquaintance with Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," the prelude of which opens, it will be remembered, with the lines:

"One autumn night in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

This wayside inn, known also as the Howe tavern, because kept by members of the Howe family for many years, stands three miles from the center of the town, secluded among the hills. Hundreds of visitors still come to enjoy its hospitality and to view the many relics which reveal the customs and manner of living of other days.

Sudbury is about twenty miles from Boston and only a few miles south of Concord. It is on the Sudbury river, which divides it from Wayland, and hills, meadows, stretches of woods, numerous brooks and extensive orchards combine to make a landscape of varied and pleasing charm. From the top of Nobscot hill it is possible to get a glimpse of Bunker Hill monument and the state house in Boston. Its greenhouse for flowers and cucumbers have been known through this part of the state for twenty-five years, while apple orchards, strawberries, cranberries, blueberries and bilberries early became a source of profit. The ponds have been a delight to many for years.

Sudbury has several schools and churches and a fine library named for John Goodnow of Boston, the donor. The Wadsworth monument, erected in 1852 by the town and state, commemorates the soldiers concerned in April, 1676, in a skirmish with the allied Indian forces of Philip of Pokanoket, and a soldiers' and sailors' monument, dedicated in 1896, honors the patriots of the revolution.

The town always has been more of an agricultural community than a manufacturing center, although in times past it has put out boots and shoes, carriages, wooden and fancy articles. Today it manufactures foundry and machine shop products and mineral and soda waters. It was incorporated in 1639, and the last census showed a population of a little more than 1,100.—From the Christian Science Monitor.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

It is related that Napoleon was once badly defeated at Coblentz by the Cossacks. After the battle he was surrounded by enemies and would have lost his life had he not been saved by the presence of mind of one of his soldiers, Corporal Spohn.

Realizing that Napoleon's only chance for life was in getting off the battlefield unrecognized, the corporal begged the emperor to change hats and horses with him. The change was made ere the smoke of battle had cleared away, and Napoleon, with his corporal's hat and mounted on a poor steed, rode away unnoticed, the Cossacks crowding around the corporal. Taking him prisoner, they led him in triumph to the Russian general. There the mistake was soon discovered and the corporal's brave act cost him his life.

According to the Coblentz legend, Napoleon, in remembrance of Spohn's self-sacrifice, always after this preferred a corporal's uniform to any other, and wore it so often that his men came to speak of him familiarly as Le Petit Corporal.—From "The Rhine," translated by G. C. T. Bartley.

WHAT AILED THE SENATE

An old colored man from Virginia had received at last the position that fulfilled his ambitions. He held the job of sweeping the steps on the east side of the senate end of the capitol. Finding himself in this prominent place, he set about mastering the legislative and parliamentary phrases that are batted about so freely in the senatorial presence.

One day a party of tourists were disappointed when they found, upon arriving at the capitol, that the senate was not in session.

"I wonder what's the matter with the senators today," said a woman in the party to old John.

"I ain't sartin," he replied judicially, "but I spec's dey done took an abscess."—The Popular Magazine.

"NO CIGARET SMOKING BY MY EMPLOYES," SAYS THOMAS A. EDISON

Thomas A. Edison and fac simile of his letter to Henry Ford.

That cigaret smoking is highly injurious both to mind and body is the opinion of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor. He employs hundreds of men, but not one of them is a cigaret smoker. Edison recently wrote a letter to his friend, Henry Ford, the Detroit automobile man, in which he set forth his views on cigaret smoking. Ford is said to agree heartily with Edison.

Edison Laboratory, Edison, New Jersey

From the Laboratory of Thomas A. Edison.

Orange, N.J. April 26 1914

Friend Ford

The injurious agent in Cigarettes comes principally from the burning paper, wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called "Acrolein".
It has a vident action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys
Unlike most narcotics this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable.
I employ no person who smokes Cigarettes.

Yours

Thos A Edison

Farm Notes

BY H. L. RANN

We are asked, "How can you best tell the age of a hen?" There is only one way and that is by the color of the tail feathers at the moulting period. A yearling hen wears primrose tail feathers, a six-year-old favors the polka dot effect, and the town cowed down with age and grief wears hers docked and done up in a hair net. The farmer who can't tell the exact age of a pullet by face to face inspection of her tail feathers ought to leave the farm and study law.

The watermelon is the cause of more bum table etiquette than the Irish potato served with the jacket on, which has to be impaled at the waist line and disrobed before the eyes of a polite company. We don't know which is worse—the man who inhales a vertical section of watermelon with a gulping intake like the suction of a steam pump or the guest who runs a nervous finger over his rear gums in order to round up an overflow of green corn. The coarse husband who causes a watermelon rind to meet behind his ears every time he makes a pass at it has induced many a trusting wife to view the table manners of the shoat with increasing admiration.

A prominent eastern society journal conveys the discouraging information that the mold of fashion in New York and Newport is about to discard the time-honored practice of swabbing a piece of rye bread in the gravy and wiping one's fingers on the nearest dolly. The decrees of fashion become more cruel and arbitrary every year.

WHAT IS A SHADE TREE WORTH?

How many people know what a shade tree is worth? How many ever give a thought to its value? Its grateful shade is enjoyed, its beauty is appreciated, both in a general sense, but few perhaps ever stop to think of its actual cash value. Perhaps this is never brought home more forcibly to a man than when a shade tree in front of his residence, a tree of which he is proud, is damaged or destroyed. Then ask him its cash value. He is likely to measure it by his own sense of what the tree has meant to him. Not unnaturally he may declare the tree worth hundreds of dollars to him. He will tell you what is only too apparent, that it cannot be replaced at once for thousands of dollars. It will take years to grow a similar tree on the same spot.

It was somewhat startling to the people of Ann Arbor, Mich., to learn from the recent report of their city engineer that the shade trees of the city are valued at $250,000. This is over a quarter of a million dollar's worth of property which the average man might never consider in giving an estimate of the city's wealth.

Prof. Filibert Roth of the forestry department of the University of Michigan was asked to give the valuation, and his report names this modest sum. For the purpose of estimating the value of the trees and shrubs owned by the city, it was assumed that trees stand two rods apart throughout the residence sections of the city. According to Professor Roth a tree is worth $10 when it is nicely established and is four inches in diameter at a point breast high. Figuring the compound interest at 5 per cent, this $10 has grown into $20 in only eighteen years. All trees are figured on this basis, since hundreds of them might be rated at more than $100 apiece. It is estimated that there are in Ann Arbor at the present time about twelve thousand shade trees which measure six inches in diameter, besides over two thousand smaller trees set out in the last fifteen years.

In discussing his report Professor Roth says:

Why, as a matter of business, it may be said that these trees could not be replaced for this sum of money. A shade tree grows in value up to a certain time, then remains stationary in value for many years, and after that declines. But until it is a good tree and really does the service expected, it is fair to charge cost and interest to the tree. Generally a tree is over twenty-five years old before it is a serviceable shade tree and pays its way. If it is worth $10 when it is five years old it is worth $20 at the end of twenty-five years. From the standpoint of city beautification and considering the enjoyment people get out of them, good shade trees are worth $100 apiece. This is the valuation placed on trees by the city of Springfield, Mass.—American Forestry.

NEIGHBORLY

"I have eggs as cheap as 30 cents, ma'am, but I wouldn't guarantee 'em."

"Well, send me a dozen, please. They'll do to lend the neighbors.—Life.

The Speed Maniac

By WALT MASON

Where'er he hies he simply flies, the dust behind him thickens; past my abode he burns the road, and kills my pup and chickens. He toots his horn as though in scorn of folks who travel slowly; like fading star his noisy car attains a speed unholy. He does not care for your despair, nor heeds your angry feelings he scoots and rips and tears and zips, with drunken leaps and reelings. For poor galoot who toils afoot he does not care a stiver; he scares the mules the farmer tools—they bolt and kill the driver. Along his track, for meters back, his dead and maimed are lying; he merely sniffs at mangled stiffs, and still he goes a-flying. When brought to court this measly sport is taxed a few plasters, when he should wait for years in jail for causing such disasters. Throughout the land this thing we stand—we stand it 'cause we've got to—and all our kicks don't serve to fix the saphead with the auto. Perhaps some time 'twill count as crime to run amuck, doggone it, along the pike and chase and strike and maim the people on it.

CHILDREN OF YOUNG PARENTS HAVE BEST CHANCE IN LIFE

A German scientist, Doctor Vaerting, of Berlin, has lately published a little book on the most favorable age in parents for the production of children of ability. He approaches the question entirely in this new spirit, not as a merely academic topic of discussion, but as a practical matter of vital importance to the welfare of society.

The most easily ascertainable and measurable factor in the production of ability, and certainly a factor which cannot be without significance, is the age of the parents at the child's birth. It is this factor with which Vaerting is mainly concerned, as illustrated by over one hundred German men of genius concerning whom he has been able to obtain the required data.

Vaerting finds that the fathers who are themselves of no notable intellectual distinction have a decidedly more prolonged power of procreating distinguished children than is possessed by distinguished fathers. The former that is to say, may become the fathers of eminent children up to the age of 43 or beyond. When, however, the father is himself of high intellectual distinction Vaerting finds that he was nearly always under 36, and usually under 25 years of age at his distinguished son's birth, although the proportion of youthful fathers in the general population is relatively small. The eleven youngest fathers on Vaerting's list, from 21 to 25 years of age, were (with one exception) themselves more or les distinguished, while the fifteen oldest, from 59 to 66 years of age, were all, without exception, undistinguished.

The elderly fathers belong to large cities and were mostly married to wives very much younger than themselves. Vaerting notes that the most eminent geniuses have most frequently been the sons of fathers who were not engaged in intellectual vocations at all, but earned their livings as simple craftsmen. He draws the conclusion from these data that strenuous intellectual energy is much more unfavorable than hard physical labor to the production of ability in the offspring. Intellectual workers, therefore, he argues, must have their children when young, and we must so modify our social ideas and economic conditions as to render this possible.

That the mother should be equally young is not, he holds necessary. He finds some superiority, indeed, provided the father is young, in somewhat elderly mothers, and there were no mothers under 25. The rarity of genius among the offspring of distinguished parents is attributed to the unfortunate tendency to marry too late, and Vaerting finds that the distinguished men who marry late rarely have any children at all. Speaking, generally, and apart from the production of genius, he holds that women have children too early, before their phychic development is completed, while men have children too late, when they have already, "in the years of their highest psychic generative fitness, planted their most precious seed in the mud of the street."—Havelock Ellis in Harper's Weekly.

AN UNPLEASANT POSSIBILITY

Montague Glass was lunching with two of his cloak and suit merchant friends recently. The subject had turned to real estate, and one of the cloak and suit merchants was telling of a house he had recently bought.

"And the dining room," he explained, helping himself to more salad, "is so big it shall seat 20 peoples—God forbid!"—Everybody's.